

EEP
BROTHER ELK

Out of the dark and winter night,
through the storms and pains of youth,
you came.
Another mind,
within the skin
of another kind.

More than your intelligence,
I beheld
that command
for my respect.

Eep, ye who strove for dominance over me.
Ah, but we did battle.
Our thunder shook the earth.
And then we laughed,
and together slept
upon the mountain side.

Old friend, fellow being
looking out through animal eyes.
I bear your scars,
as you bear mine.
Across the years that pass,
I heed your cry,
seeking other minds
within the skins
of other kinds.

Steve Stringham
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Reply to Stephenson on Biomedical Research

Sidney Gendin
Eastern Michigan University

Look, I've had enough. Frankly, I'm tired of polite bullshit. Be forewarned. If you want only calm, dispassionate discussion of the sorts you are used to, you may as well not read the rest. I'm going to lay it out to you as I honestly feel it. I don't generally aim to be as negative as I know how to be, but Stephenson's paper inspires it. I know we are supposed to be studying the rights and wrongs, the permissible and the obligatory, *ad nauseum*. The fact remains that the old cliché about things not being black and white is garbage. Things are black and white. The people on the side of the animals are the good guys, and the other side is not made up of a bunch of deluded but well-intended people but a bunch of malicious bad guys who know they are up to no good.

In the preceding paper, after going on for awhile on the topic of animal care and use committees, the author declared he should say something "philosophical". This turned out to be that incredible, hackneyed cliché that he'd rather have a bunch of rats die than have his son die. If medical research can do that, WHOOPIE! Now, could anything be more boring than to have that proclaimed one more time? I don't know about the truth of the old saying that if you've heard it once, you've heard it 10,000 times. But this you can be sure of. If you've heard it 9,999 times, it's as good as hearing it 10,000 times. So, please, spare us that final performance. Where has Stephenson been these last 20 years? We've heard this junk so often that it's coming out of our ears. How many times must we answer this?



DISCUSSION